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THE GLEN COLLECTION OF SCOTTISH MUSIC
Presented by Lady Dorothea Ruggles-
Prise to the National Library of Scotland in memory of her brother, Major Lord George Stewart Murray, Black Watch killed in action in France in 1914. 28th Junta!! 1927.

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$\underset{3 / 0-}{E}$
Ther Whight. Hocmemeralle


", iny
jere selmitle.





wi_res which steal o_ver na_ture from far, When the wa_ter falls sounds from the



> There oft the warm heart_ed,while wandering a.long,Shall pause in theirmood of e -
 mo_tion su_blime, And muse on the spell-fraught enchantments of song, Which


known, I have part_ed a mer_ry band To make thee mine own. Haste! haste!
 Cly with me, Where Love's ban_quet waits for thee; Thine its sweetsshall be,




Is trouble on thy youthful brow, Sorrow on thy soul?
O heed them not who for thee now Wreath the midnight bow! !
There you'll seek in vain For a balm to banish pain;
Nought your lip can drain Will grief controul.

But the touch of a gentle hand
Trouble can remove,
And pain will cease when lightly fanred
By the breath of love.
And when fond hearts heat
Together, sorrow must retreat,
Touched by music meet
For realms above.

Then hence to the happy land, Where care is unknown, And first in a merry band

I'll make thee my own. Haste! haste! fly with me,
For Love's banquet waits for thee;
Thine its sweets shall be,
And thine alone.
Wm Kennedy.

Slow, with great $\{$ Feeling.



Her eye in that hour was the sun-beam shed over
The violet's deep azure when wet with the dew,
But ah! there are seenes that we ne'er may recover,
And feelings and thoughts that we ne'er can renew!
Where now are the vows of pure love that we cherish'd?
And where are the hopes that dispell'd every gloom?
All, all but the tear-drop of sorrow has perish'd,
That falls on the floweret of Anna's green tomb!
Laurence Anderson.

meadow gowns, Pu'gay meadow gow_ans, Wet wi dew-y pearls, 0 ;

$P_{u}$, the lilies where they hing, Bending $o^{\prime} e r$ the bell_ing spring;



When gray gloaming closes, Gloaming closes, gloaming closes,

- When gray gloaming closes

In the budding grove, O ,
Gather roses frae the hrier,
Mix the bin-wood, emblem dear,
Steep them wi, the gushing tear,
And gie them to thy love, 0.
R. Hogg .


[^0]o follow her not! O follow her not! Though she lure thee with smile and



Though her step invite_though her eye burn bright,
Though green be the leaves in her bower;
Yet that step is false as a meteor light, And that eye hath the rattle-snake's power: Her bower! $O$ wild and unblessed is the spot!
Then follow her not! $O$ follow her not!

## Whey stord 4 /inerd.




Why in the valley, ere morn was awake,
Watched I the small ripple dimple the lale?
Why longed a home by its waters to share?
'Twas from the deep wish to dwell with thee there.

And why at this hour of silence and night
Glows my rapt heart in the snowy moonlight?
'Tis from the hope of our meeting on high,
Ev'n should the light of these day_visions die.
W. Kennery.

Slowly, and with $\{$ greatFeeling



Och! well I knew, when off we sailed, What my sad fate would be! For, gazing on my country's hills, They seemed to fly from me.
I watched them as they wore away, Until my eyes grew sore-
And I felt that I was doomed to walk The shamrock sod no more!

They say I'm now in Freedom's land, Where all men masters be_ But were I in my winding sheet, There's none to care for me! I must, to eat the stranger's bread, Abide the stranger's scorn_ Who taunts me with thy dear-lovid name. Sweet Isle where I was born.

Och! where, och! where's the careless heart
I once could call my own ?
It hade a long farewell to me,
The day I left Tyrone.
Not all the wealth by hardship won,
Beyond the western main,
Thy pleasures, my own absent home,
Can bring to me again!
WM Kennedy.

In Moderate
Time with great
R.A. Smith.





 , bat-tle plain; A_-las!'tis thence in_deed it comes, Mixed

 with the can_ non's ruar, Andmaddeningshouts, anddeafeningdrums, Heard

ev_er-more.



No mar_vel that they haunt me still, In sad_ness wan - der
 where I will; Those notes, to love's last deep a-dieu, So



With Tenderness.
 bank, my love; The moon is dream - ing on these flowers, And


 (4)
 * Inserted by permission.


Fair were the halls thou'st left for me, This soft-ton'd lute, this practised hand. Delára! bright the gems, the gold; This voice by secret love made sweet, And ah! the young hopes, brighter still! And can my love repay to thee The loss of treasures heap'd, untold; The heart by friends made vacant, fill? And light with favor all young eyes.

See, love, those old, but undimmed fires, Then cheer thee, love; though all estrang'd Trimm'd by the dusky hand of night, Thy mother's breast, thy father's court, In yonder high eternal dome; And all the love the heart supplies, Will smooth our path to every land, Will soften every breast we meet, Like them shall burn my warm desires,.. Love whispers that thou hast hut chang'd Still trimm'd hy love with new delight, One palace roof of poor resort Still lighting up thy sweet heart's home. To tread the floors of kings will me.



Whose feet could trace that path, Stretched far hefore thee, Who don that radiant wreath Now woven o'er tlee.
Myriads of spirits may
With thee he roaming
From bowers of blissful day, Star of the gloaming!

Thou, with thy lovely eye
Lonely earth greeting,
Soon shalt below thee spy
Fond lovers meeting.
Softly beneath thy ray, Through the bowers hlooming,
They in their hliss shall stray, Star of the gloaming!

Then when thy race is run, And day-light streaming Tells that o'er earth the sun Soon shall be beaming, Thou, in thy beauty borne Through ether booming, Shalt to thy home return, Star of the gloaming!

Far in a land hy light Never forsaken,
Where hymns of pure delight Ceaseless awaken,
Shall the soft couch be spread, 'Mony flowers perfuming, Where thou shalt rest thy head, Star of the gloaming!
H. S. Riddell.

## German.

With Energy.


German maidan I! and scorn Gleams in mine eye At


him, the land where he was born Who would de_ny: At him, the land where

he was born Who would de__ny.


A German maid am I! of all, If choice were free,
My native country! mine should fall On none hut thee!
A German maid am I! my glance With scorn should see
The man who did not choose at once In choosing thee!

No German youth art thou! whose heart, With slow dull motion,
Does not, as mine, impetuous start With full devotion
To thine own land! and my whole heart Despises thee!
Thee, who thus all unworthy art Her son to be!

A German maid am I! and high My proud heart boundeth,
When but my country's name, hreathed nigh, In mine ear soundeth!
And so henceforward it shall beat, Proud youth! at thine,
Who lov'st that land with love complete, And full like mine.

Fion the German of Klopstock, by R. Hosz.

Where is the sum-mer, with her gold_en sun?



Where are tle Fauns, whose flute-notes breathe and die On the green hills? -the founts, from sparry eaves
Through the wild places hearing melody?
The reeds, low whispering der the river-waves?
Far in my own bright land!
Where are the temples, through the dim wood shining, The virgin-dances, and the choral strains?
Where the sweet sisters of my youth, entwining The springs first roses for their sylvan fanes?

Far in nuy own bright land!
Where are the vineyards, with their joyous throngs, The red grapes pressing, when the foliage fades?
The lyres, the wreaths, the lovely Dorian songs, And the pine forests, and the olive shades?

Far in my own hright land!
Where the deep haunted grots, the laurel howers,
The Dryad's footsteps, and the Minstrel's dreams?
_Oh! that my life were as a southern flower's!
I might not languish then by these chill streams, Far from my own iright land!

Felicia Hemans.
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To this ho_somstrangers, If I am with thee! Roam the world all over-



When the storms were round me
Blowing wild and cold_
Where the trials found me
That are yet untold_
Where the green leaf never
Hung upon the tree,
Go, there go, my lover,
And I'll go with thee!

Where the sands are burning
'Mid the sultry clime,
And no flowers returning
Tell the change of time --
Where the sky's wide cover
But our home shall be,
Dwell, there dwell, my lover,
And I'll dwell with thee.
H.S.Riddell.

- Nr Caine ti rene lining.




She left us again, and the shades grew more deep
Than those of the winter had been,
Though the bleat of the lamb had now come from the steep, And the hill-flowerets blossom'd the heath-tufts between.

Few, fruw were our words when she bade us farewell, But oh! there was one, who, the while,
Could have roamed o'er dark regions where dew never fell, To live but an hour in the light of her smile.
H. S. Riddell.
"i "low wort in . reáucs.

thee but the gladness Which charms it from sor-row. Oh,





The soft wind now breathes oier The hlooms of the hawthorn. And the green glen has wreath for Thy long locks of auhurn. The sweet songsters gaily Again wake their singing, And Ettrick's wild valley With echoes is ringing.

But joy will not come to The glen nor the wildwood, When thou shalt not roam thro, These scenes of our childhood. The light of the mountains In gloom shall be shaded, And the flowers by the fountains,

Though blooming, seem faded.

Then stay, love; no. pleasures
That elsewhere may find thee
Can yield thee such treasures
As those left behind thee.
The friends that have moved thee
May soon from thee sever,
But this heart that has loved thee
Will love thee for ever!
H. S. Riddell.


Quicker, with Energy.
 That A - ra - bia's dark-eyed daughters Aye are blessed to

$38$



When night shall come
Along the desert far, Our native home

Shall hail us with its star. Row__row then__all unceasing

Still let our efforts be ;
Onward the pathway tracing
Loved of the famed and free.
Row_row then_óer the waters,
Full light the hearts may roam
That Arabia's dark-eyed daughters
Aye are blessed to welcome home.
H.S.Riddell.




Love's wedding bower, Land of our choice_fair $I_{--t a}$ I ly! Joy's ro_sy throne_





bright be the bloom of the summer flower, And sweet its breath in the vale be_ low!



 kepp the deep dye of thine eye in its hrightness_Thy cheek in its love hue_thy
 step in its lightness _Thy heart, that lies sleeping with hope for its pillow_From

shock of the blast, and from hound of the billow? Then eome not with me! . My




But would'st thou, to gain thee a bliss without telling,
Take far in the desert thy desolate dwelling -
And worship the fierce-flaming orb that rose o'er thee, Though frenzy should follow the smile that he bore thee -

Then haste thee with me! -
Fit spouse for the rover! - our hridal shall be!

$$
\mathbf{w}^{\mathrm{m}} \text { Kennedy. }
$$

Che, utes lie to the cindrits,



The drum beat in the mornin, afore the screich o, day, And the wee wee fifes pipd loud and schill, while yet the morn was grey; The bonnie flags were a' unfurl'd, a gallant sight to see: But wae's me for my sodger lad, that's mareh'd to Germanie!

Oh, lang, lang is the travel to the honnie pier o, Leith, Oh, driech it is to gang on fit, wi' the snaw-drift in the teeth, And oh, the cauld wind froze the tear that gather'd in my e'e, When I gade there to see my luve embark for Germanie.

I looked owre the big braid sea, sae lang as could be seen Ae wee bit sail upon the ship that my sodger lad was in: But the wind was blawing unco snell, and the ship saild speedilie, And the waves and cruel wars hae twinn'd my winsome luve frae me.

I never think o, dancing, and I downa try to sing,
But a the day I speir what news kind neibour bodies bring; And I sometimes knit a stocking, if knitting it may be, Sin for every loop that I cast on, I'm sure to let down three.

My father says I'm in a pet, my mither jeers at me, And bans me for a dautit wean, in dorts for aye to he: But little weet they o, the cause that drumles sae my e'e; Oh, they hae nae winsome luve like mine, in the wars o' Germanie!

W m Motherwell.



with thy light, Trembling o'er the scene of night,Thou star of eve! Could'st thou tell


All how well I could love, Nor eer de_ceive, Thou, lone star, From a_far


Shouldst my fonclest vow receive: Thou to him mightst of fer free, What eanneerhe

told by me, Thou star of eve!


Air_Rosseau's Dream.


Ju_ra Shin_ing in the lake be_low; See the dis_tant mountain tow'r-ing



On Leman's breast the winds are sighing,
All is silent in the grove;
And the flowers, with dew drops glistening, Sparkle like the eye of love.

Night so calm, so clear, so cloudless -
Blessed night to love and me!
Let us roam by bower and fountain;
All is lovelier when with thee.
D: Weir.

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\text { } \sqrt{(1 / t} \text {. - }
$$

Welsh Melody_The rising of the Lark.



From the low-ly wild-flower springing, Dawning smiles to list thy sing_ing,



Through these realms of light to revel, Oh, that I like thee could travel, Fond of heart, and free!
Where thy sweetest hymn is swelling Round the seraph's eloud-wove dwelling,

I would roam with thee. -
Thou hast left the gloom which slumbers
O'er the scenes that live to die, And no more thy varied numbers Wake for those beneath the sky; Nor care nor wo thy heart encumbersAll with thee is joy.
H. S. Riddell.


> A-bove are the Alps, and their snow. Broad Leman reflentsthem he_low, And

oh! may its wa_ters be hlessed! They span The fields by thy merry maids

pressed, Lausanne! Long leagues of the shore and the sea. Di_ride my loved



We've toiled _ and our lahour is done -
We've fought - and the hattle is won -
'Tis time that the soldier should eease
To roam
'Tis time that he rest him in peace
At home!

Oh, soon for the Alps, and their snow, Shall the step of the war-exile go!
Where joy, in the years that are o'er,

> Began;

His spirit. shall bless thee once more,

## Lausanne!

$\mathbf{W}^{\mathbf{m}}$ Kennedy.



Flow on, flow on, thy gentle tide As peaceful moves along,
As when the blackbird, by thy side First pour'd for me his song.
The daisy and the primrose, too,
Are budding yet as fair;
I see each scene which childhood knew, And all but youth is there!

Flow on, flow on, thy murming stream First heard my tale of love,
When o'er thy face the moon's pale ham Was trembling from above:
Those hours are gone_yet, still the same Thy sunny banks appear;
And midst remembrance of her name, All, all but youth is here!

Flow on, flow on, my native stream, For many a heart is still,
That sported with me, when the beam Of summer decked the hill:
For them in vain the sweet birds sing, And flowers perfume the air,
And mem'ry droops her airy wing, For all but youth is there!
D. Weir.
co The mitring mir.

Old Irish Melody

hopes that bloomed to die; - Of sunny smiles that set in tears, -And



Mournfully! Oh, mournfully
This midnight wind doth moan;
It stirs some chord of memory,
In each dull heavy tone.
The voices of the much-loved dead
Seem floating thereupon -
All, all this fond heart cherished,
Ere death had made it lone!
Oh, mournfully! \&c.

Mournfully! Oh, mournfully
This midnight wind doth swell
With its quaint pensive minstrelsy,
Hope's passionate farewell!
To the dreamy joys of early years.
Fre yet griefs canker fell
On the heart's bloom, -Ay! well may trars Start at that parting knell!

Oh, mournfully! se.
$\mathbf{W}^{+} \mathrm{m}$ Motherwell.

## 



Mod: with
Feeling.



They tell me that my cheek is pale That youth's gay smile is gone -
That mating with the ocean gale
Has chilled my heart to stone;
And Friendship asks what secret care There is to work me wo,
But vainly seeks a grief to share Which none shall ever know.

Ye waves! that heard the false one swear, But saw him not return-
Ye'll not betray me if a tear Should start in spite of scorn.
Yet, no -a wounded spirit's pride Though passion's pangs are deep-
Shall dash the trait'rous drop aside From eyes that must not weep.

In vain, alas! I have no power To quit this lonely strand -
From whence, at the wild parting hour. I saw him leave the land.
Though he lias treen a stranger imide. My love cannot depart,
Its seal-too strong for woman's pride!Will he a broken heart.



Our bark is dancing on the waves; its tall masts quivering hend Before the gale, which hails us now with the hollo of a friend; And its prow is sheering merrily the opcurled billows' foam, While our hearts with throhbing gladnes's cheer old ocean as our home!

Our eagle wings of might we stretch before the gallant wind, And we leave the tame and sluggish earth a dim mean speck hehind; We shoot into the untracked deep, as earth-freed spirits soar, Like stars of fire, through boundless space_thro realms without a shore.

Lords of this wide spread wilderness of waters, we bound free;
The haughty elements alone dispute our sovereignty;
No landmark doth our freedom let, for no law of man can mete
The sky which arches o'er our head _the waves which kiss our feet.
The warrior of the land may back the wild horse, in his pride,
But a fiercer steed we dauntless breast, the untamed ocean tide!
And a nohler tilt our bark careers, as it quells the saucy wave,
While the herald storm peals o'er the deep the glories of the brave.
Hurra! hurra! the wind is up-it hloweth fresh and free,
And every cord instinct with life, pipes loud its fearless glee;
Big swell the bosomed sails with joy and they madly kiss the spray, As proudly through the foaming surge the sea-king bears away!
w! Motherwell.


To. see thee far stray-ing Where hill-winds are playing, Their

frag-rance con_vey_ing O'er moorland and lea, Could yield me more



In loveliness, whether
Thou glen-flowers might'st gather, Or blooms from the heather, On uplands more wild, Still would'st thou be seeming Like Seraph bright beaming, When into meek dreaming By music beguiled.

I'd find thee a dwelling,
Where sweet hymns were swelling, And tender lips telling Of joys yet to he. By wood, wild or river, While living, oh, never, Life's changes could sever This fond heart from thee.
H.S.Riddell.




Oh! yes, for see, the flow'rets wear A holier, chaster hloom, Alheit as glowing, and as fair, And rich in sweet perfume. He lov'd them, and will love them ever. And I will love and leave them never. A.Rogers.

Turkish Melody.
$\left.\begin{array}{c}\text { With } \\ \text { Plaintive } \\ \text { Expression }\end{array}\right\}$


> Tell me not of Stambol's tow_ers, Ris_ing ser the

sea! - Fields there are, whose simplest flowers Are more dear to me.


Home of bliss, once wildly stray_ing, Where thy pleasant brooks are playing,



Still when eve its curtain closes -
By the star-light pale -
In my own loved Georgia's roses,
Sings the nightingale.
"Mid these scenes of hateful splendour,
Fancy hears that music tender,
In my native vale;
Tears awaking, while 'tic speaking
Its most mournful tale.

Though the Turkish lord hath hound me
With a golden chain -
Other, dearer ties are round me,
And $I$ pine in pain.
In the palace there is sadness,
And its queen the voice of gladness
Welcomes not again -
Grandeur grieves me ._ hope now leaves me -
Love and life are vain.

> W! Kennedy.

hearts! to the wood, to the mer-ry green wood, While the dew with strung
With
Spirit.


> lawn, Like the smile of a ro_sy cheek'd maid; And the first blush of


dawn brightly streams o"er the lawn, Like the smile of a ro-sy cheek"d


Our burns with wild music ring glad thro each shaw, Ar.d our broad arrows rattle amain;
For the stout bows we draw to the green woods give law, And the might is the right once again!

Mark yon herds, as they brattle and brush down the gladePisk the fat, let the lean rascals go;
Unorer favour,'tis meet that we tall men should eat -
$\rightarrow$ Nock a shaft and strike down that proud doe!
Well delivered, parfay! convulsive she leaps Une bound more -then she drops on her side;
Our steel hath hit smart the life-strings of her heart, And cold now lies the green forest's pride.

Heave her up, and away! should any base churle Dare to ask why we range in this wood,
There's a keen arrow yare, in each broad helt, to spare, That will answer the knave in his blood!

Then forward, my hearts! like the bold reckless breeze, Our life shall whirl on in mad glee!
The long bows we bend, to the world's latter end, Shall be borne by the hands of the free!

Wm Motherwell.
+Nock-A term of Archery, signifying the act of fixing the chaft in the string.

bat_tle a_way! Be_hold where they wait us in haugh_ty ar_ray, Though our

number he small, We can con_quer or fall, Like true Highlanders all; Then a -


on, we'll on; Since it lead_eth to glo_ry, we'll on, we'll on; Though sa_bres be



lib_er-ty! On, then on!


*In the Highlands the Duke of Argyle is always styled Mar Callain Mor, ic. Sorn uf the great Colin.



[^0]:    * From a M. S. Book, subscribed_Christopher Gaddell Scripsit, Jan Y 7, 16.57.

